

there not sad enjoyment in thus musing and profit, too? For, if we will, we can learn from our failures in the past how we may best live in the future. Reading further:—

"Whilome thou camest with the morning mist
And with the evening cloud."

Morning and evening, the one joyous, the other calm and peaceful, the one filled with awakening life the other with the twittering lullaby of birds, the subdued lowing of kine and the bleating of sheep; both of these are objective points around which memories cluster. With the morning come the thoughts of yesterdays of past enjoyment and past sorrow. The day passes quickly away and, in the short space of twelve hours, how much there is to remember, how much we would gladly forget; how many lessons given, how few that are learned. Memory now is unusually active, as if the aspect of calm repose which everything wears only served to awaken long forgotten thoughts. And thus, as a gleaner in the eventide, does Tennyson represent her going about the field of life gathering here and there, and at last—"with the evening cloud showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast."—The sun has set and in the growing darkness, Memory still refuses to sleep and so we can say,—

"Nor was the night thy shroud,
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest,
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope."

Is Hope the daughter of Memory? Is one inseparable from the other? Can that which relates to the future have any connection with that which alone deals with the past? We muse over long forgotten events. We tremble concerning what the future of our lives may bring. We dread it and anxiously peer into the darkness beyond, wondering what awaits us. Storm, cloud, darkness all may be hidden behind the mystic veil which falls so very close to our eyes. We know not and so we fear. But when we remember that every experience is almost the same, that what we have experienced in the past we will be likely again to experience, (it may be intensified or diminished but still the same,) that not alone have clouds o'ershadowed us but ever has the sun burst through the darkening gloom and wrapped us in light and joyousness; then, arising with these thoughts is another, telling us that sadness will not alone make up our futures, but that joy perhaps may have preponderance. Then fear and forebodings give place to hope and, in anticipation, we enjoy the future despite the showers it may bring. Hope is the daughter of Memory.

With a poet's fancy Tennyson addresses Memory as a wandering friend and bids her hasten again to his side. A simple picture she brings to his mind; a like picture, somewhat varied in detail, she brings to all. How pleasantly and fondly we dwell upon these pictures. The old farm and all the familiar

objects, the village church, the long street, the old red school-house, our playmates intent upon their play; all these are scenes we cannot forget, we would not if we could. And when we are older, yes, old it may be, as the world regards age, having passed through all the trials of life—its battles all fought, its victories won, its defeats sustained—with what eagerness we look back to our childhood days wishing, that once more as boys, we might enjoy ourselves in all the old haunts. And if we may not in reality, yet in memory we still may hear the shouts of our old schoolmates enjoying a half holiday.

But this is not all. In our childhood our minds were like a plastic mass, ready to receive and retain impressions; and thus the slightest accident occurring has there been firmly fixed, with far less exertion than is now required for us to master the easiest lesson, so that after the interval of a day or week we may call it our own. If then the youthful part of our lives is so susceptible to impressions, how much more must be the very beginning of our conscious existence. The babe open-eyed seems with wonder to drink in all around it, and after the lapse of years, all things else forgotten, how frequently do we find the old, old man recalling distinctly all his childhood experiences, delighting to relate some of the first impressions of which he was cognizant. Did not Tennyson say truly?

"Well has thou done great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment,
With royal frame-work of wrought gold."

In the gallery of the mind are hung many pictures, none so bright and joyous as that which Memory with artistic taste now brings before us, beautifully golden, calm and placid, flowing with sunshine and rich delight.

Now let us notice one more thought. In the close of the poem we find the expression:—

"My friend with thee to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!"

And now the question arises in our mind, can an impression once made upon the mind be ever entirely effaced? Owing to sickness or any calamity that befalls mankind, frequently do we see persons that back to a certain point can remember everything; then all was darkness. But this is owing to the imperfections of our bodies. And may it not be, as a writer has said, when these imperfections are laid aside that complete consciousness will return? If so what of that sentiment with which Tennyson closes this beautiful ode? To the aged who live in the past there is in this much of truth. Memory is a friend that never leaves us; and even, if there often return the thoughts of wrongs and sufferings endured, perhaps inflicted, yet she now in this is a true friend, disclosing to us our faults as well as our virtues. The spring, the summer, the autumn, the winter, bring